

The Republican.

No. 24, VOL. 9.] LONDON, Friday, June 11, 1824. [PRICE 6d.

TO ROBERT PEEL, HIS MAJESTY'S SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE HOME DEPARTMENT.

Dorchester Gaol, June 6, 1824—
third year of your being in office;
fifth of my imprisonment.

SIR,

IT becomes me to treat you with contempt, and it is my duty to do whatever I can to bring you into contempt; because, you are not the man who is wanted as a Secretary of State for the Home Department, in this country, at this time. BACK TO THE JENNIES YOU MUST GO, as there are many men there better qualified for your office than yourself, and *place* must yield to *qualification*. I grant, that you are not so imbecile as your predecessor (Sidmouth); but you have neither the necessary ability, nor the necessary disposition, unless you change much for the better, to make those improvements in the law and magistracy of this country, which the intellect and disposition of the people at large require.

Your having filled the office of Secretary in Ireland, as your first step to office at home, was an unfortunate step for your future fame and happiness. You imbibed more of the rancorous, and bigoted, and ignorant spirit of Orange-peelism, than you now feel the power to shake off; and by refusing to yield a particle of what the better knowledge and better disposition of the people go on to require, you publish the *stamp-mark* of your incapacity for your present office.

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One of the proofs of your bad disposition and unfitness for your present office is, your envenomed tilting at me and those who are connected with me; but I feel the confidence in my principles and in that knowledge of them which is so rapidly, by your assistance, spreading among the people, that you will tilt until you are thrown off from that sorry jade (Mother Church) which you are now riding. History has taught you nothing; common sense principles you do not understand; of mankind you are ignorant; these are not only so many disqualifications for your office; but they are so many assurances to me, that I shall upset your jade very soon, if she does not get a better rider. I am now, Sir, in the right way to bring about a *thorough reform*; and if you will go on to prosecute all the men I can find you, as my shopmen, I will do it with a vengeance. Your old friend the Chancellor, Goody Sidmouth, and some two or three more of you, have made me a wonderfully great man; I am a wonder to myself, as Isaac Carter of Portsea says; you have covered me with strength and honours more stable than ribbands, or garters, or coronets, and I begin to feel, that I am elevated even above "the Great Captain of the age!" above the very Duke of Wellington!! above the very Devil!!! above all your Gods!!!! above all the Roman Emperors, for some of them were deified; but I have been made the God of all Gods, the master of all spiritual things!!!!!! I have you all under that thumb which guides my pen, and I will squeeze you as I squeeze a good ORANGE PEEL when I get it.

I cannot go higher, descend never, so I will say no more this week, than to inform you, that I have companies of men marching out of the North to my shop. I will beat you without money, at recruiting for our different services.

RICHARD CARLILE.

TO MR. R. CARLILE, DORCHESTER GAOL.

ESTEEMED CITIZEN,

Deptford, June 3, 1824.

It is with feelings of pleasure, I once more transmit to you the mites of a few friends of Deptford, to enable you to carry forward that cause which they so ardently admire, and for which you suffer and so ably defend. It is now some time since we subscribed last, and I was beginning to be ashamed of our conduct in that respect, as I certainly deem no one worthy the name of a Materialist, (who necessarily must be a rational man) who would not contribute to support that cause that brought him out of "darkness into marvellous light," so that others may enjoy the same, and thereby consolidate his own. On the other hand, it would seem to cast a gloom over the spirits of some, to see with what apathy and indifference the generality of mankind treat this their most important interest; for, if present and permanent happiness for the time we are conscious of our being, is not an object worthy our attention and esteem, I know not what is.

However, I speak for myself, having known the change. The superstitious know no more of the delights, nor of the stability of those delights, which the enlightened and moral man feels, than the blind man knows of colours: but to turn to yourself, we congratulate you on your vast improvement in knowledge, on the fortitude you display under your protracted imprisonment, and on the heartfelt satisfaction you must feel at seeing your endeavours so crowned with success. Go on, may thy mind be renewed as the morning sun dispelling the pestilential fogs of superstition. We are also highly pleased at the productions of your valuable correspondents, as by their communications, there is a constant feeling of sympathy flowing amongst us. To conclude, we trust you will find all the support necessary under your present circumstances, when the powers that be are doing their utmost to crush you. Wishing you all possible happiness and health, I subscribe myself, on behalf of all here,

Your admirer,

JOHN HENDERSON.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
J. Grimwood	5	0	Mrs. March	0	6
John Henderson	5	0	E. Macaboy	0	6
W. Z.	3	0	"An honest man the no-		
C., of Belfast	2	6	blest work of God"		
John Mitchell	1	0	William Crow	2	0
Phillips	2	0	Langman Pimlico	2	6
James Hodges	1	0	P. Headly	1	0

Note.—Though subscriptions were never more important than at this moment; I have only time and space to thank my most staunch and worthy friends.

RICHARD CARLILE.

Dorchester Gaol, June 6. 1824.

TO MR. R. CARLILE, DORCHESTER GAOL.

DEAR SIR,

Bolton, May 27, 1824.

As the enemies of truth have let loose their imps once more, the Zetetics of this town held a meeting in the Society's room last night, in order to take into consideration your most gracious proclamation, and it was delightful to see the unanimity that prevailed on the occasion. It was the opinion of all, that we should not sit tamely by, whilst that which was so dear to every one, FREE DISCUSSION, was wrested from us by a bigoted administration, and it was announced, that such as were willing to volunteer their *services* to become your shopmen, on the terms proposed by you, should be sent. Six immediately put down their names, in the order in which you will find them; many now expressed their willingness, but it was considered, that they had better be kept in reserve. We doubt not but the individuals named will answer your purpose, and convince the "propagators of vice," that, in spite of gagging bills, and all the host of other bills which prop the falling fortunes of Act of Parliament Idolatry, there are still men, who "dare be honest in the worst of times." We are very well pleased to hear that the neighbouring towns are on the alert, and we doubt not but our little Spartan bands will shake the foundations of mitred hypocrisy, and bigoted mummery. We congratulate you, on the cheering prospect which presents

itself in the shape of persecutions, being well convinced, that every individual's defence will add to our numbers; we shall not be surprised, if some of our martyrs out do the famous Gaoler of the celestial mansions, who is said before his aërial voyage without a balloon, whilst on earth, to have converted 3000 *by one sermon*.

I am, Dear Sir, in the name of the society,

Yours most truly,

WILLIAM SMITH.

*Names of volunteers who are free, able and willing, to serve in
GENERAL CARLILE'S CORPS.*

JOHN CAMERON,
JAMES HEATON,
HUGH M'PHERSON,
DOUGAL, CAMERON M'CALLUM,
THOMAS WHEELER,
NICHOLAS COYLE,

VILLAGE OF WESTHOUGHTON, LANCASHIRE.

William Marsh of Westhoughton, eighteen years of age, five feet six inches high. Great merit has been attributed to Abraham for offering up his son to God; but how much greater praise is due to the Old Nailor of Westhoughton, who offers his son a sacrifice to that monster of a devil Orange Peel, Gaoler General of Great Britain.

TO MR. R. CARLILE, DORCHESTER GAOL.

SIR,

Yarmouth, May 31, 1824.

UNDERSTANDING the "powers that be" have *again* come to a determination to *root out* free enquiry and discussion by shutting up your shop in Fleet Street: we, being friends to free enquiry, have hastily collected our mites, to assist you in preventing its being carried into effect: we likewise hope that this example will be followed throughout the country, whenever the "spirit shall move" the Joint Stock Company to these predatory acts.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Simon Cobb	5	0	An Old Veteran in the		
H. Martin	5	0	cause of Free Discus-		
E. B.	5	0	sion	1	0
Amicus	2	6	R. J.	1	0
William Hales, thanks to			Maria Baldry	0	6
Carlile for the Moralist,			John Dunnell	1	0
and wishes to see in			J. T. B.	2	0
print the MSS. of			R. Riches	2	6
Thomas Paine	2	0	W. Beckett	2	6
One who wishes to see			A. J.	2	6
the Mock Trial com-			W. A.	0	6
pleted	1	0	C. D.	1	0
A well wisher	1	6	J. M. W.	2	0
Samuel Castor	1	0	J. F.	2	0
William Newbegin	1	0			

Note.—Thanks to my Yarmouth Friends. Money is one of my weapons; and I fear that we shall want money long before we want men in this *last battle*: but we will fight at the enemy's expence, if we cannot conquer otherwise.

R. CARLILE.

TO MR. WILLIAM CAMPION, LONDON.

DEAR FRIEND,

Manchester, June 1, 1824.

I AM much pleased, that, with this small note, you will receive a sterling proof, that your old acquaintances still hold you in their hearts, at the very moment when the world's vile law is about to consign you to a dungeon. Our views of that virtue-destroying-bugbear, religion, you are well acquainted with, and suffer me to say, in the name of your old associates, that these last vindictive persecutions have the more firmly riveted our hatred of the Christian system, and of the whole horde of canting reptiles that feed and glut themselves upon the putrid carcase of this expiring monster called Christianity. Mr. Carlile, with this parcel, will receive a list of volunteers in this part of the country, and although the

tyrants, with the treasury to support them, may get a verdict against each of these martyrs in the cause of the mind's emancipation, yet, it will ultimately turn to our advantage; for the hearts of all good men surely will revolt at such horrid cruelty, such heartless blood-thirsty persecutions.

We do not, in the least, doubt your firmness; for we, who know you, know it to be inherent in your nature, and whatever may be the fate of so warm a lover of liberty, we shall not lose sight of, nor forget you; but, as far as our means will extend, you may be assured, you shall not be neglected. That your defence may be made to men willing to form their own judgment upon matters of opinion, and having formed that judgment, may they be "honest enough to be bold, and bold enough to be honest" is the heartfelt wish of

Your sincere friend,

On behalf of the whole,

JOHN HARPER.

From the Salford Reading and Zetetic Society.

Joseph Lawton, a private vender of R. Carlile's publications, recom- mends to all such, to devote so much out of the profits as they can well spare, towards the comfort of the perse- cuted for Free Discus- sion	5	0	Thomas Woodcocks	1	0
T. T., for April and May, to the Persecuted	2	0	W. Blackshaw	1	0
W. Drinkwater	1	0	W. Trimene	1	0
W. Mell	1	6	Robert Smith	1	0
John Lawton	1	0	Thomas Thompson	2	0
R. W., near Blackburn, Lancashire	2	6	Mrs. Thompson	1	0
H., Ditto	1	0	W. Waddington	1	0
G.	0	6	Miss H.	1	0
Joseph Blondell	1	0	James Rhone	1	0
J. B.	0	6	W. Cockrane	1	0
W. P.	1	0	Joseph Fitton	7	0
T. Barton	0	6	John Hay, Bolton	1	0
A Friend, W.	1	0	Samuel Mercer, Hyde	2	0
Both sides of the question	1	0	Peter Watson	1	6
			Peter Turner, Candlett	2	6
			E. F. Jun.	2	6
			J. T., by James Smith	1	0
			Miss Jackson	2	0
			Thomas Kershaw	1	0
			John Gratrix	2	0
			John Gradwell	1	0
			John Harper	2	6
			Cœlator	2	0
			J. H.	4	6
			Charles Ridings	0	6

Stanly Mayall, Oldham	1	0	W. G. Ridings	0	6
A Friend, per John Ash-			E. Ridings	1	0
ton	0	6	Mr. Fines	1	5
Thomas Wallace	0	6	W. Winstanley	1	0
W. Nelson	1	6	J. W.	1	7
John Tarne	2	0	Little Box	1	4
James Boyle	2	0	Nature is my guide, and		
W. Malloy	0	6	reason is my way, for		
C. Coyle	0	6	W. Tunbridge	0	6

TO MR. JOHN HARPER, &c. MANCHESTER.

FRIENDS AND COMPANIONS,

London, June 4, 1824.

I FEEL highly gratified by this your warm and generous testimony in my behalf; and, believe me, did I want a stimulus to proceed onward in that much-abused cause, in which I have embarked, you have given me one—and such a one, as will send a cheering flash o’er the dreary prospect of months, aye years of imprisonment. To know, that I possess your esteem and sympathy, is sufficient to make me bear with a light heart, the utmost deprivations our enemies can put upon me. Before our Christian persecutors can hope to obtain even a temporary triumph, they must utterly annihilate these ooted feelings of rectitude, which we now possess: they must show us, *that we are committing crime by publishing our opinions*; they must show us, that free enquiry is detrimental to the interests and happiness of mankind: they must show us, by the demonstrative power of reason, and *not* by force, that Christianity is beneficial; that theological expounders are necessary, that tithes are a blessing, and, that *we* have no right to hold opinions of our own! This cannot be done by the verdict of a Jury. They have not the power to alter a single fact; they cannot make Christianity *true* by their verdict, if it was before *false*. All that a Jury can do in such a case as mine, is to give their opinion on the fact of publication—a point to which I readily agree. Then what has a jury to decide? The truth of Christianity? That cannot be; for they know no more about its divine origin than I do. The system was established before they existed; and, if any other had been established before they were brought into existence, they would just have believed its infallibility and supported it the same. The opinions of

mankind must be progressive: if our fore-fathers, only two centuries ago, believed the world was flat like a trencher, because the Bible said so, must we be expected to do the same, although philosophy has taught us that it is globular? I cannot but consider, that men who are so tenacious of supporting their principles by force, do it to retain an undue power, and not for the interests of their religion.

Friends and Companions! It was amongst you, that I was first inspired with liberal sentiments—the desire to assist a persecuted family, and with them the cause of human amelioration. It is a duty I owe you, to support that cause with perseverance, industry, and fortitude; that I may return amongst you with the satisfaction and consciousness, that I have done my best, and therefore done my duty. Accept my thanks for the pecuniary support you have rendered me, which was more than I have any claim to, or any right to expect, and believe me your devoted Servant,

WILLIAM CAMPION.

TO MR. CARLILE.

SIR,

Sheffield, June 1, 1824.

I HAVE sent a small parcel containing a pair of stockings, a night cap, both of my own knitting, and 2s. 6d., not as a present, as I shall ever consider myself in debt to you, but for removing the fears of hell and devils from my mind: and feeling convinced as I do, I shall ever consider yours a martyrdom to truth.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

SARAH ELLISON.

R. Carlile returns Mrs. Ellison his thanks, for the stockings, night cap, and half a crown. He will be able to fit up a museum of curious night caps, in a short time, if he goes on accumulating as at present. He has one of a curious make from the hands of Mrs. Walker, and a Mr. Knowles, late a prisoner in Lancaster Gaol, and another, which is constantly worn, when out of the hands of the washer-woman, knitted by the brave and hardy Joseph Swann in Chester Castle.

FRAGMENTS.

THE following fragments were sent to me by a friend at Leeds, which he had accidentally picked up. The readers of the Republican will regret that they are imperfect. The first is a dialogue between an Atheist and a Deist—the second, a letter written against the Christian religion. They were found in a once neatly bound manuscript book, which has fallen into the hands of some Christian Barbarian, who, because there was a little blank paper in the middle of it, converted it to an account book! From the manner in which Descartes is mentioned, they appear to have been written about a hundred years ago, and evidently by no common man. But for the allusion to Descartes, I should have supposed Lord Bacon to have been the author; because, the following are clearly Lord Bacon's words: "Atheism leaves a man to sense, to philosophy, to good nature, to human laws, to reputation," &c. which are not here acknowledged as a quotation. I can only regret, that the book has not reached me perfect.

RICHARD CARLILE.

FIRST FRAGMENT.

A DIALOGUE, &c.

necessity put upon them to discharge their supernumeraries upon better climates, which cannot be done, there being not elbow room enough for both without the slaughter of the old inhabitants, unwilling to relinquish their possessions to the new invaders, hence came the proverb, *Omne malum ab Aquilone*, this being no speculation but a fact that hath happened in the world. For the government of the world, (and let me before-hand observe to you, that the argument will press you more than ordinary who do not, with so certain a faith as others, adjourn the wickedness of this world over to be punished in the next) is it not left as a prey to tyrants and impostors? What are the several countries of the earth but *Amphitheatre quædam in quibus cruenti fortunæ ludi*, the shambles of poor mankind? How is the innocent subject slaughtered in the field to preserve the grandeur and luxury of his effeminate Prince at home in dalliance with his whore? How many

must die to make one great? Ambition hath brought over the earth deluges of blood. Nor are the oppressions of power in peace less insolent. The oppressor (under pretence of law) quaffs the blood of the innocent, and a fair house at Alba is a sufficient cause of proscription. And what Providence hath there been over religion? One would think, if there be a God, that would be his chief care: how many nations doth he suffer to be educated under the tradition of a lie? yet education so firmly rivets that lie into their souls, that they will die for it. I could be infinite upon this subject in arraigning Providence through all ages and nations: it is true throughout the world.

Victrix causa Dūs placuit sed victa Catoni.

Those old questions *unde mala? Quare Bonis mali?* if there be a God, are to this day, to me unresolved.

D. But what say you to the argument of the Frenchman, Monsieur Cartes? he says, we have in us an idea of a being infinitely perfect, and in that necessary existence is concluded, therefore such a being exists.

A. He was a grand person, a restorer of the atomical philosophy, adapting it to mechanic and so to more intelligible principles; but in the metaphysics, the cobwebs of the schools were never swept clearly out of his brain. I have an idea of a being infinitely mischievous, and in that I find necessary existence too; for were not such a being a principle of being to itself, it were possible it might once cease to be, and so could not be said to be infinitely mischievous. And must I be a Manichee upon this argument?

D. But is conscience no argument of the existence of a God, that being a type of him in every soul?

A. It is plain it is but our education. If it were nature it would be the same in all, as hunger or lust is; nor are the regrets of that separable from the fears of discovery and punishment in this world. Those dreadful affrightments it amuses some men's minds withal, are grounded upon error; if there be a God, infinite power is reconcileable, there being no place for fear where it is. It is fear (which grows but out of weakness) that makes man so revengeful, so as he thinks not himself safe until his enemy be in his grave, or he hath shewed him such grand and signal instances of his power, as in reason he cannot be imagined to be willing to attempt new injuries. Conscience, it frames Clements, and Raviliacs, *in nomine Domini incipit omne malus*, was not more truly applied at the first to the Pope's Bulls, than it may be now to the fanatics' actions of our age, who prefaced all their villainies with conscience.

D. But how could I, or this world, exist if God did not?

A. If this was clear that the world was the work of God, I should as fully be satisfied in his existence, as I am that the sun

I see in the heavens exists. My sense could no more assure me of that, than my reason is assured that every effect proves, that its cause did once exist; and if a being, of so great power as to make the world, did once exist, what possibly should put him out of being?

It is impossible for the imaginative *mind* of man to go off from this, but that there is some being self-existent, and without a cause. So as the whole question will lie here in this narrow compass, whether we should refer self-existence unto God, or unto this material world? A dark question, and all depends upon it. Bring up your thought hither, and staying then awhile here, examine what you can find to incline your understanding one way or the other. I have known it urged there is no reason we should refer self-existence to this material world, because that which is of itself, we cannot discern any cause why it should want any imaginable perfection, whereas there being a diversity in the parts of this material world, the glorious sun differing from the dirt we trample upon, and sense from inanimate matter, it wants perfection, being not alike perfect, and so cannot be principal to itself. The proposition on which this relies, that that which is self-existent, wants no perfection, hath been ever dark to my understanding; for I cannot discern it inevitable upon me, that in self-existence there is necessarily included a concomitance of other perfections. Bare existence seems to me a pure indifferency to perfection, or imperfection, as it is to happiness or misery. Now for self-existence to include all other perfections it proceeds upon this fallacy, a supposal how that a self-existent being should consult how to make itself, and so would deny itself nothing of excellence, it being so powerful as to exist of itself, which is no less to imagine than a plain impossibility, wisdom in such a being before existence. If there be a God I cannot but imagine to me some space coeternal with him before this world, for in eternity when he was alone, I cannot imagine him a mathematical point, and I can apprehend no more of perfection in such space than I can discern in vacuity, and potentiality. If there were a God, would not he clear up his existence more, and resolve fully his poor creatures in this vast doubt? What should poor doubtful men do in this exigent? but refer self-existence to this material world in that his sense hath more assurance of the existence of it than his understanding hath of Gods. Remember, Sir, you are not to recur to miracles which would be as so many several arguments of the existence of a God, a power above nature: nor to revelation which would prove a God as necessarily as the old argument of the Stoics, *Si Divinatio tunc Dū*. It is *Audax facinus* you attempt in the world (so I must call it, though I join with you in part) to appear in the field against Moses, Christ, Mahomet, and the Atheist too, imagining yourself David with the stone and sling, and these the Philistine you are to bring down. But I will not leave yet the pursuit of my argu-

ment. I am not for Lucretius's way of solving things; I see no necessity of admitting at the first an hotch-pot of his atoms, that is little bodies with their various figures, although of late Monsieur Cartes, with his mechanic head, hath much befriended us in shewing a way when they were once put in motion (which we may imagine as well originally natural to them as rest) how they might fall *sine mente* into this order. I refer self-existence to the material world in this very frame I find it in, and can do it with as little force upon my imagination as I can refer it to the several disjointed atoms which Lucretius would make it up with. If the question were now first to be debated, whether there be a God or not, and mankind no way pre-engaged by tradition, it is a question how they would determine it. But if they should determine for the existence of a God, because he would punish their infidelity if he did exist, but if he did not, *Credi tamen ex usu vitæ sit*, and it would be but a convenient error, their faith would grow but out of fear or prudence at the best, and I doubt these two first made Gods. If I exist, it is a very fair possibility, (but far from an inevitable consequence) a being superior to me exists too. If you will make of God no more than a Θεός ἀπὸ μηχανῆς, to put the matter at first or when it stops, in motion, I shall not contend with you against his existence; and truly the confusions and cruelties upon mankind, the miseries of brutes incapable of sin, the death of infants, the calamities upon the poor subject for the follies of his prince, the few signatures of goodness or justice I discern in the Government of the world, do more than insinuate to me, if God at all exists, he is no more than such a being; for, looking upon the whole of mankind, it appears to me like the Mosaical chaos, rude, and without form, without moral beauty, virtue, or justice, so as it seems to me there wants a spirit to hover upon it to bring it into order. I wonder how this argument, taken from the state of the world, is thought easily answerable, or easily to be inverted upon me. There is a Nemesis (say some) and punishment infallibly awaiting wickedness in another world.

Oppressed weakness may diet revenge with that hope, and frame the notion of a Deity to attemper the rage of power, and stroke itself into better humour while it suffers, but that cannot be my faith in present without present evidence, and such an answer is a confession, this world in its present state affords not evidence for such faith. Although there may appear (in the judgment of some) examples of justice here, yet they being referable to natural causes also, without a voice from heaven, cannot be known whether they be so or not. I am sure there are examples enough of prosperous wickedness, after which we may cry as Jason after Medea escaping when she had killed his children,

Testare nullos esse qua veheris Deos.

Others invert the argument, and say there is a necessity of a

God to punish wickedness. Shall I believe when there is not so much goodness as to make me good, nay not to place me indifferent to it, (sense taking the first occupancy of human nature, and the inclinations of that being grown strong, and untractable before reason is perfect or so much almost as awake) that there is justice, or rather arbitrary power to punish me for being wicked? Now, for you I know you will not recur to the wild hypothesis of the Platonists, and some Platonizing Christians, (as pre-existence, a purgation after death, or that at length the infinite goodness will assimilate all to itself) to solve thereby the phenomena of Providence in this world, so I will have the argument here. It is true throughout the world, power, where it can promise itself impunity in this life, fears not God; Cambyses might not marry his own sister, but the King of Persia might do what he list. As true, opinion armed with power, is reason, law, and religion. And that man is what he is by education. And now I have no more to add, only to refresh you with a story after this reason.

Echebar, the Great Mogul, being doubtful of what religion to be, caused thirty infants to be so brought up, that neither their nurses, or any else should speak to them, resolving to be of the religion of that country whose language should be spoken by them, as most agreeable to nature, but as the children spoke no language, so was he resolved in no religion.

D. I see, Sir, whatever your body is, your intellectuals are not infirm and decrepit, and that you have loved knowledge as well as women in your life; you may wonder why I let you argue thus peaceably by yourself, and may justly account me for my silence as uncivil, as he that denies *Symbolum suum conferre* to a collation. I discern the *Ὁσκη ὥσὸς τὸν θεόν* (the pulse of the better and diviner life in man) is perfectly dead in you; I am thus silent partly because I despair to work a miracle on you, to recover an old Atheist to the sense of God, and because also I would employ the whole time of this conversation in hearing you discourse upon the other things we differ in.

A. You waive then your engagement upon me for the present? We all naturally affect an immortality, but that being impossible in our persons, we seek to live after death in our issue, in our brave actions or opinions; children I have none which I own, and soldier I never desired to be; I can only hope to survive the grave in my opinions. Those I would have animate other souls when mine is dust; if I can but leave behind me two victories, the one over the Christian, the other over the Deist, they shall be to me like those of Mantinea and Leucton to Epaminondas, the two daughters (as he said) he left behind him, and so had no cause to grieve for dying childless. It is not out of conscience, (I cannot pretend that as some over officious zealots do) but this ambition that I disclose my opinion where I can with safety, and with you I know I may be safe in my greatest freedoms, not only because of your ge-

nerous nature, which abhors to injure one who trusts you; but upon interest, you being equally obnoxious to the world for your opinion, as I am for mine; for us to discover the privacies of such a conversation, it would be the same folly as for those who had clubbed at an act of adultery publicly to impeach one another.

D. Pray you then please to go on and tell me what you think of the law of nature.

A. I could never tell what to make of it, or where to find it. The school-men have proposed this as a question, *Lex Naturæ est eadem apud omnes?* but when you urge them with the customs of several nations, which contradict the moral law of Moses, the question (like the sensible plant, which, at a distance, looks fair, but touched, contracts itself as most of their questions do) shrinks up and dwindles into this: their meaning was, the law of nature is the same, *Quoad Principia generalia tantum, Bonum appetendum, Malium fugiendum.*

In this sense I shall allow a law of nature, that is to say, a principle of self-preservation in every man, whereby he is put upon acquiring what is grateful and agreeable to his appetite and nature, and upon the avoiding of what displeases and aggrieves him; but for a law of nature in man differencing and delineating to him any *turpe*, or *honestum*, inserted in him by some intelligent being, superior and a legislator to him, when he made him, I cannot find it. In Peru, a part of America, the inhabitants fence their orchards, their little apartments of ground, with a cotton thread as high as one's girdle, and an opinion that they have, that whosoever breaketh it, or who goes over or under it, shall immediately die, and are more safe by that preservation than by brazen walls. Mankind have drawn such cotton threads about their persons, and property, by human laws, armed with punishments in this life, and because they imagine themselves never secure enough from the passions of one another, armed also with the imagination of greater in a life to come. But the law of nature, (in the sense you intend it) where shall I find it? I hope you will not send me to ransack for it among the brutes, for in them nature unfolds itself chiefly in the appetites of food, ease, and lust, and there appears not amongst them so much as a *scintilla religionis*. If you refer me to the consent of nations, how is that possible to be known? If I should seek for this law among the present barbarous nations in Anzichana, they have shambles of mens' flesh, and cut their slaves out alive joint by joint. The Giacchi, a people near Batta, strangle their children as soon as they are born, and keep up their succession by their captives and children stolen from their neighbours. In Brazil, they roast their enemies and eat them, besmearing the children with their blood. The Guymares, inhabiting near the Andes, dis-bowel women with child to feed on the tender food of the unborn infant. The Heptacometae, and Mossynæci, people of Paphlagonia, used to perform the work of generation in public.

In Colchis, after their feasts, when their guests were inflamed with wine, they offered them a cooler, their wives or sisters, with charge to yield their guests all the content imaginable, esteeming it no small credit to them if the courtesy was accepted. These two last instances I cast in as the customs of the nations heretofore accounted barbarous. All these were men of equal souls with us, equally with us the creatures of God, capable of him, and a more civil morality; I could observe to you innumerable of these barbarous customs, which I have collected as I have read history, but I go on: if I should look for this law amongst the nations accounting themselves the *Gentes Moraliore*s of old, I find the Spartans had their Apothesis in which they cast their infirm or deformed children, and their decrepit old men. Amongst the Romans; I find Cato sent Hortentius his wife, and suicide was so far from being reputed a crime that it was esteemed a glorious action. I pass over the inhuman insolence of their triumphs, and the cruel butchery of their gladiators, nay, if I come to their successors, now the present Italians, you know what the Tramontanes object to them, *Numculus cunno charior est? Stupeo*; and that Pasquin hath worn a guard of lead behind him to show them their unnatural vice, and reprove them in an emblem. Nay, their very women are for reverse vengery. I have heard of a courtesan there, and but of late years, upon whom the proverb was passed, that of two parlours, she had made one common hall, the isthmus of her perinæum being broken with the double performances made upon her. But I will ransack amongst this filth no longer.

If after all this you will tell me I may easily find this law of nature, it is near me and in my heart. This is plainly no more than that I am to be legislator to myself, and I shall be sure then to be no Draco to my own appetites. By your opinion bringing mankind back to nature as you call it, you do but expose them to all the rage of lust and power. What will not be thought lawful that interest dictates and power with impunity can perform?

D. Pray have you done no mischief to the world by your opinion.

A. Not so much as superstition hath done (the seed of which you retain amongst you, the opinion of a Deity) and but the same with yours; my meaning was, Atheism leaves a man to sense, to philosophy, to good nature, to human laws, to reputation, and your opinion doth no more if by reason it be examined.

D. If I should reply upon you, I should prevent your discourse upon the last thing you proposed, which I am the most willing to hear you upon, it being a thing in which I am not very clear and resolved myself; to wit, the immortality of the soul.

A. *Quæris quo post obitum jaceas loco, quo non nati jacent.* At death I shall but return back into the state of non-existence. It doth not aggrrieve me, that I did not exist before I did, that I was

not in being when the battles of Cannæ and Pharsalia were fought, when the philosophers of Greece in their schools read their lectures, why then should I be grieved that I shall not exist long, and shall not see what is after me? Although the state of non-existence be no state of enjoyment, yet there is no grief nor pain in it, there the weary be at rest and the voice of the oppressor is not heard. Man had been a brave being, if he had been immortal in the beauty and vigour of youth, but I take my being as I find it, I submit to nature and necessity, and have no intelligent being superior to myself to be angry at for making me mortal over all the former great spirits and wits: I can now sigh and say,

Jam cinis est et de tam magno restat Achilles.

Nescio quid parvam quod non bene compleat urna.

Nay all the former great beauties (upon whose ashes I can scarce sometimes forbear shedding tears) who have surprised and amused mankind, and with their very faces put them into extacies; who have ravished the souls of the greatest princes and philosophers from them, and have triumphed over power and the most resolved rigours, are now but dust for the survivor to trample on; I cannot hope for exemption from the common fate of all men; death being inevitable, is not to be feared but expected. If I had lived but one day I might have seen all that this world is; the sun which I now daily see is the same which was the Persians' God, our forefathers enjoyed it, and it shall entertain our posterity.

Non alium videre Patres, aliumve nepotes aspicient

As for our pleasures, they are greater than the religious man enjoys, because he enjoys his in the confines of desire and repentance. But they are not without their mixtures and alloy, they are not all spirit and elixir, but have some of the *terra damnata* in them; it is true, in the lives of all men, but old men are most sensible of it. *Dolor ac voluptas invicem cedunt brevior voluptas.*

I discourse thus to rescue myself from contempt, there being no one accounted so miserable and contemptible a person as an old Atheist, because of the near approach of death to him, which he is imagined so extremely to fear, from having no hopes beyond this life. If I be in an error and there be a God, and my soul prove to be immortal too, the rule of my life hath only been *Si jus violandum veneris causa violandum*. I have only with Vespasian the love of Berenice to answer for. I never liked the triumphs of ambition or oppressions of power; if I had, been in the case of some Roman Consul returning with victory, I should not have dragged the poor miserable captives after my chariots; or if in Mahomet's, I should have run the risque of displeasing an army rather than have cut off Irene's head; or, if in Ahab's, I should not have taken Naboth's vineyard from him; I am naturally merciful; I

have no widows' tears or orphans sighs to account for, nor so much as the superstitious man hath who thinks reproachfully of God. Methinks, if the soul survive the body it shall become *ex natura rei*, pure, and better. When the body drops away from it into the grave all the *idola specus* shall vanish with it; the curtain being drawn, light will flow in, all our vice, and follies (being but the obtrusions of the body upon our reason) shall die too with it. Nor could I ever understand that philosophy of the schools; how the separate soul retains appetites to this world, and with them is tortured; for our appetites grow but out of the body's indigence, and continue no longer than while the sense of want or some pain that it occasions is removed; I never wished for freeze or furs on a fair summer's day, nor will they separate soul for the enjoyment of the body again.

But however, upon your principles, you cannot hope to be immortal; the Christian doth, being taught by his religion to believe that there was one rose from the dead, and gave the world to the very eye an example of immortality, and also because in reason he cannot believe that after God hath given laws contrary to the natural appetites of men, and they with their mortifications in obedience to them have made themselves miserable in this life, that he will ever be so deceitful and cruel, as to suffer them at death to sink down into a state of insensibility and non-enjoyment. But you deny the miracle of the resurrection, believing with the Jew, the disciples of Jesus stole him by night out of the sepulchre, and told abroad the lie that he was alive again. You believe the Christian doth but supererogate in his self denial, that his extreme mortification, and purity, are but will—worship, and live too as if God required none of those things at your hands. You are only to build your argument for the soul's immortality upon its own nature, and do we not see it grows, and flourishes and decays, and all along suffers with the body? Why should not we think it dies too with it? But in this I need give you no further trouble, it being but a consequence of the former opinions already proved; if there be no God, nor lawgiver, there are no rewards and punishments to be distributed after this life.

Carpamus dulcia nostrum est

Quod vivis, cinis, et manes, et fabula fies.

D. Sir, you could not possibly have obliged me more than you have done in communicating so freely the observation in these great things, your age hath made; but the sum of all is, there is no God, that is the grand opinion you wish to instill into me by this discourse; and what! Is there no God? no *melior natura* to my understanding to animate it in its enquiries after truth. No infinite mind who knows the things I doubt and can resolve them; no archetype, and measure of perfection, and excellence; no supreme being in whom infinite power, and wisdom are in

union, and governed by an infinite benignity? Is the ship of this world without a pilot? who would live in a world where there is no God? I will sooner resolutely choose some particular Religion to be of, than be a proselyte to Atheism. And of all particular religions, I may discern at first sight the Christian to be the best.

A. How! will you be a Christian? I have then discoursed all this while to little purpose. If you will be of that religion, it commands a purity intolerable to human nature, you must then leave your pleasant railleries, and the sublime pleasure amongst women you now take freedom in.

D. Nay not so, for there are some Christians who believe the law against fornication dispensable in some cases, in distress, and necessity; though they think it unlawful to make constant meals upon the shew-bread, yet they scruple not to eat of it when they are hungry, and hope though they bow themselves in the house of Rimmon, they shall find a prophet to bid them go in peace. God having reserved an equity in his own breast (as all other legislators do) paramount to the outward letter of his laws, which will make merciful allowances to his poor creatures in that they are but dust; however, I am not afraid of truth if I could but find it; if I refuse to be a Christian because my life hath been unholy, it is in me but despair of the divine mercy; if because I am unwilling to be holy, it is but hatred of righteousness, and I will never suffer these to govern my understanding.

A. But you will never find any certainty of the truth of that religion.

D. Have you a demonstration against the existence of a God? You would then be a grand person indeed; that will be found out when the quadrature of the circle is. It is of very great concern to the peace and satisfaction of our minds to know of ourselves what certainty we expect and require in our searches after truth; for as some of the old platonic philosophers have affected an immateriality in this body, an apathy of this world while they have been in it, thereby (in morals) straining human nature too far, and disquieting themselves as full of imperfection when they could not reach that God-like state of soul no less than plainly impossible here; so some also (in intellectuals) have created to themselves much trouble and anxiety of spirit, complaining continually of their little faith in that they have required such absolute certainty, such irresistible evidence for truth as in this world cannot be had. I believe God exists, yet not so firmly as I believe the sun doth; to see him is the reward the Christian religion promiseth in the other world, and to be like him because he shall then be seen as he is; a noble and glorious reward, if my reason would but suffer me once to hope for it. If that religion doth but appear to me a grand probability, and I have ever as great evidence for it as I have for the existence of a God, I shall think

it as wise, and as rational in me to embrace the opinions and submit to the precepts of it as I now do to worship a God. It now grows late; I thank you for this excellent conversation, let us call up for the reckoning.

A. I will meet you again when you please, to know the success of this discourse upon you; but I would not be met so unfortunately again, as I was to day when we first met.

D. Oh, Sir, is that any trouble to you, I am no severe person, no souer moralist, no Cato, thus young. I like rather of St. Francis's charity who seeing another man (as his legend says of him) kiss his neighbour's wife, that, so far from censuring it, he thanked God there was so much charity left in the world.

A. If I had but your youth again, the estate, and your pleasant wit, I should think myself a happy person.

D. My estate, I know you desire not riches.

A. I have had a free and convenient competency, *Res non parva labore*, as much as would preserve me from contempt, and provide me pleasure; the pomp of pleasure (which swells expence always high) I never much valued, less now I grow old, than ever I did. *Si ventri bene si lateri est pedibusque, tunc nil, Divitiæ poterunt regales addere majus.* I am content with my fortune.

D. But what shall become of your estate when you die?

A. Your thoughts of marriage have, I believe, put that thought into your head. The dreadful example of many families (besides innumerable other reasons) ever affrighted me upon my no large estate from venturing upon marriage, I beholding them like so many trees overladen with fruit with their boughs drooping back to the earth, and suckers to their roots which keep them from spreading fair, and ever rising in height. The old patriarchs when there was elbow room in the world, might tumble out posterity without fear, or the restraints of prudence; but now there is no small spot of the earth left for a first occupant; it being all cantonized into the apartments of property, and by the present polity of the world, the old blessing of increase and multiply is turned into a severe curse; an over numerous stock of children (the worst riches) never failing to be the fruitful seed of poverty and discontent, nor any man to be more miserable, than the father of a family, whose lust hath over-wrought his hand and head; for the small estate I have, the law will provide me an heir; nor shall that trouble me, though he pass not through my body, a nephew by a sister (and so of the surest side) hath the same blood with me.

D. Let us now walk down if you please.

A. You are civil to my age, you would not keep me beyond my time out of bed.

D. The streets are grown peaceable from people and coaches, it will be fine walking, but here at the door I must take my leave of you, our ways to our lodgings lie different, good night to you, Sir.

A. Good night to you.

SECOND FRAGMENT.

They teach that God is omnipotent, yet needed coadjutors, and so must have a lamb and a dove to help him; and that these three are one, the sum of all contradictions. They make a God of him who never thought of being one himself, nor ever said so of himself. That text, there are three that bear record, &c. was not to be found in any of the ancient Greek copies, and if it were really spoken by him, it means no more than another thing he said to the Apostle, be ye one as I and my father are one, viz. of one mind, not in one essence; besides if he did say it, *humanum est errare*, and he professed himself a meek man, when the woman called him good, he rebuked her saying, why callest thou me good? there is none good but God, and he calls himself often the son of man speaking of his whole self. But many Socinians have written irrefragably upon this point. Tertullian betrays it with a single expression, *Idea credendum quia impossibile*. The greatest and most flagrant errors in the world, have risen from the flashes, hyperboles, and extravagancies of false rhetoricians and corrupt orators. Truth is always clouded by tropes, and never to be found out by metaphors or figures.

Now, pray consider, the greatest part of Priestcraft is to magnify these mysteries that are inconceivable, or contradictory, and to assert that these are the most precious jewels in religion, and that he is the most pious, and precious man, who believes them most. If any man can instance to me any part of priestly doctrine that does not tend to the dignity, power, or wealth of the Priesthood *Erit mihi Magnus Appollo*; for even in the most mystical points of faith by which immediately they get no money, yet they thereby most captivate your reason, and make you consequently fittest to be governed or led as a blind man may be led even by a dog. When they are once masters of the mind, they will soon have the body, and the purse is sure to follow. In the Romish superstition, see how purgatory and private masses add to their wealth, and transubstantiation to their dignity. A Priest must needs be a brave fellow, that makes a Christ when he pleases, with a hocus pocus, *i. e. Hoc est corpus*, and has Christ at his beck waiting to be made when he shall graciously be pleased to pronounce those words to a wafer with an intention of consecrating it. Methinks Christ, being already Christ, and waiting to be made, is as extravagant as a clause in a mock-play by Sir John Mince, where he represents Adam with six men in blue coats, making haste to his creation. Many more monstrous absurdities could I recite, as that God is the sole prince of the world, yet the Devil governs with him, and gets a thousand subjects for one, and all the flower of the creation too as the priests say. That God foresaw all things, yet some things are contingent. That God foresees all things, yet things

are not necessarily as they are, but may happen otherwise. That God would and he would not, and our will carries it. That immaterial things can burn. That we must lay by our reason, and guide ourselves by faith (viz.) that we must wink that we may see the better. But I have exceeded the bounds of a letter, and grow weary of writing as I believe you do of reading. I shall conclude with an exhortation. Against this common enemy, let us put on the buckler of sense, and the breast plate of reason. Let us consider that they have made themselves a separate, distinct body of people, from the laity; and the business of all people that form themselves into corporations, is, when they are so formed, to get all they can from, and prey all they can upon the rest of mankind, to exalt, and to fortify themselves against them. And have not the clergy done this sufficiently? Did not they from humble teachers, when they got into a body make themselves princes? And did not the chief parson of Rome exalt himself above all princes, and after the Reformations, they are Peers and Bishops still? Before it, the clergy had the main influence over princes and their counsels. And were *censores, morum* even over them, yet every little privy member of their own was free from temporal jurisdiction. Would not the clergy be the same still, nay do they not keep a power in three things that concern us most of any thing in this world viz. in marriages, in wills, and in their spiritual courts a jurisdiction over our manners? Nay, would not even the Presbyterian Parsons domineer in every house and be bishops in every parish? And it behoves us to defend our liberty and property against such tyrants of our minds, who are so much more insupportable tyrants, than those who would lord it over our outward carcasses, as the mind is the better and more noble part of the body. For my part, I can no more ask advice of these divinity brokers about that, than of the body of linen drapers about my linen; for those are their trades, and one will cheat in divinity and the other in linen. But I think there is no great danger of our apostacy, or that we should suffer them to domineer over our minds. They deal with men as the fox in the fable with the goose, who weighed him before he would attempt to carry him over a river. And I conceive every one of the brethren too heavy for any one of those foxes, or for all of them. And they may truly be called foxes, like Samson's with fire-brands in their tails, for nothing has been such an incendiary, or caused so many wars, as their pretended doctrine of peace, the only doctrine that ever counted faith a virtue, which they will own a man can no more chuse, than he can his complexion, but depends almost wholly upon constitution, education, and the climate he is born in.

Pray communicate this to the brethren when they meet at the chapel to worship truth, and abolish fables. Tell them, for them my bowels yearn, and let the men of too much notion among them put off the old man of immateriality, and put on the new one of

body and motion. And though they cannot solve the phenomena of thought, and how matter thinks, or that thought is nothing but the motion of matter, though they cannot yet conceive how this is, yet let them not go about to explain it by immaterial substance, a thing wholly inconceivable, and which they can never have any idea of; or to speak properly, not by a thing but by two words which have no meaning in the mind when they pronounce them. Let them have a care lest this old leaven souers the whole lump. Farewell,

Yours in the Truth,
THEODORUS PHILALETHES.

NARRATIVE OF THE NEW SERIES OF PROSECUTIONS.

THE present series of prosecutions for Anti-Christian publications bids fair to be a matter of national importance: as such, and as a stimulus to bring forward new volunteers, I shall minutely relate the particulars. The reasons, on the side of the enemy, in coming forward with such violence at this moment, are not known to me; therefore I attribute it to the general reason or desire to make a last struggle for their profits and distinctions, as the Aristocrat promised Mr. Owen. They must have calculated, that my friends had cooled upon the matter of standing prosecutions; but if they are not woefully mistaken already, they shall be. I saw, in 1819, that, if but a small number of booksellers and printers would assert the right of their trade—free discussion, the Government of this country could not persist in prosecutions; and though I have been supported but by few of the trade, I will convince them of the thing almost single handed. We shall beat the enemy on the ground that they cannot argue with us. We are, they are not, morally right. They shrink from discussion, and apply brute force with torture, to suppress it. Judges, Counsel, Lawyers, Aldermen, and Blasphemy Swearers*, all tremble at discussion with us, and confess our superiority in morals and intellect. They talk of *religion*, and talk of *blasphemy*, without knowing what the one or the other word means. One fool or knave says, that blasphemy is punishable at law; another fool or knave says, that this or that thing is blasphemy;

* Excellent Judges of matters of right and wrong, as to religion or blasphemy, must be the Bow Street Policemen!

but, ask the one what is the legal definition of blasphemy, or the other his criterion of judging what is, or is not, blasphemy, the fellows stare like detected villains, and confess by their evasions, that blasphemy means no more, nor less, than *an intellectual power operating upon ignorance*, to the great terror of those who thrive upon the credulity and abjectness of the multitude. Such will be the general inference drawn by those who read the following narrative.

A lapse of fourteen months took place, between the arrest of James Watson from the shop in the Strand, and William Campion from Fleet Street. Campion was arrested on the seventh of May, for the sale of a copy of Paine's Theological Works and Palmer's Principles of Nature, both of which he had kept in open sale from the first opening of the shop in September last. Not a complaint have I heard about the management of the shop, beyond the circumstance of its being offensively placarded. This placarding did not correspond with the instructions I had given upon the subject, on the opening of the shop; for when I had the managing of 55, it was rare to see a placard in the window. On hearing that Mr. Hindmarsh, or his friends, had caused his pamphlet in answer to me to be extensively and most ostentatiously placarded, that copies had been put upon the tables of public houses and coffee houses, and that a great stir was making from the pulpit and otherwise to force it into notice, to shew my conviction of having thoroughly answered him, I desired Campion to post his placards in the most conspicuous manner; and as soon as I was told that it was the only thing in the conducting of the shop that the enemy complained of, I desired them to be withdrawn, at the request of friends who thought the shop had a better and more attractive appearance without them. This was no sooner done, than, as if it looked like a yielding, the enemy began to advance: but, though there are many things in the shop which they particularly dislike, and which I think more mischievous than any thing else, with regard to the best advocacy of Anti-Christian principles, yet, I see, that it will not do to yield another point; because, their object is not to suppress, or to prosecute for this or that thing; but every thing really useful in a promotion of Christian knowledge, or a knowledge of Christians and Christianity. They do not want to be known: I desire to make them better known.

The particulars of what passed at the Guildhall, at Campion's first arrest, have been already narrated in No. 20. The long silence as to prosecution had put our country

friends out of hopes of taking their turns in the shop, and, for the moment, I did not hurry to write to any of them, but waited to see the further disposition of the enemy. Volunteers were soon ready in London. Thomas Jeffries was the first, and immediately arrested. An excellent boy, by the name of James Moffatt, who had been employed near two years, was alive to the proceedings, and gloried in selling a Paine or a Palmer. His grandfather is a firm and venerable Materialist, who corresponds, in the Republican, under the name of J. Butler Levant. He felt a pleasure and a pride to have the boy in the shop, and the boy was impressed with a notion that he was importantly employed. There was no seduction nor ignorance in the matter; the boy had seen several men arrested, and seemed to feel an aspiration to a similar honour*. Even now he regrets nothing so much as the exclusion from the shop, in consequence of his Grandfather's undertaking by recognizances to keep him away.

This boy was taken out of the shop on Saturday the 14th, and Campion, on taking him some tea to the Compter, was detained on a warrant, in consequence of having been speaking to a gentleman in the shop, whilst the boy sold the books to the Blasphemy Swearer. Jeffries, Campion, and the boy were all liberated the following week on bail.

On Monday morning, the 17th, John Clarke opened the shop and was almost immediately arrested for the sale of No. 17, Vol. 9, Republican: then followed John Christopher, a young man, lately arrived in London from Liverpool: next, Richard Hassell, who has been such a thorn in the sides of the Vicar of Cerne and Galpin the Dorchester Brewer of bad ale. Hassell retired, for a young man the name of William Healy to enter, and with him came Michael John O'Conner†, who was never employed by any

* I shall esteem it a great favour, if any friend will employ this excellent boy, until he can prudently come back to my business.

R. C.

† This is the young man who was charged with dishonesty at his appearance before the Alderman, by Fogg the Marshalman. It is true, that he was in the Compter on such a charge, from Saturday the 15th to Monday the 17th May; but no one appeared against him; and in the Compter he first imbibed the notion of volunteering to serve in the shop, from seeing Campion there. After his release, he left a note at 84, Fleet Street, offering to

one, but entered the shop as the associate of William Healy, and both of them were taken off on Saturday, the 22d of May. The officers had a warrant for three; but Hassel happened to have gone out a few minutes before to his dinner, and was not arrested until the subsequent Thursday; then, not for having sold a book; but for having been in the shop whilst the others had sold some books to Blasphemy Hunters.

The wife of Thomas Jeffries* now entered the shop, to keep it open, when there were no volunteers ready to enter. On Monday the 24th of May, William Cochrane arrived, as the first volunteer from Manchester, answering my call in No. 21, instantly. He was arrested on Friday the 28th. Next came Thomas Riley Perry from Spalding in Lincolnshire, who volunteered some time last year, and who has since that time been usefully employed in the neighbourhood of Spalding. He entered the shop on Monday the 31st of May, and was arrested on the same day.

serve in the shop; but, in consequence of his having been confined under a charge of dishonesty, no notice was taken of his application. He entered the shop as a looker on, and was not inside the counter. There is something to be cleared up in this case; and I have written to O'Conner, in answer to two very warm recommendations of himself, to say that he must give me a very good account of himself, with sufficient references for testimony to his good character, before I shall recognize him as a friend of mine. He states himself to be nineteen years of age, lately arrived from the East Indies, with a pregnant wife, and mother, to maintain. As yet there is suspicion hanging about him, which he must clear up to do himself the least good with me or my friends, or to be received as one of them. We have an important battle to fight, and our speedy success depends much on the characters enlisted to fight it. I beg all friends to suspend their judgment of this young man, until I can make enquiry and another public statement about him. For my own part, at the time of writing this (June 3), I neither know him, nor any person who does, or ever has known him.

R. C.

* *Thomas Jeffries thankfully acknowledges the receipt of the following sums during his confinement.*

Mr. James Watson	0	5	0	Mr. Hole	0	1	0
— Thomas Boyer	1	0	0	— Smith	0	0	6
— Millard	0	1	0	— Robarts	0	0	6
— A. Hall	0	1	0	— Martex	0	0	6
— Mursell	0	0	6	— Williams	0	0	6
— Medley	0	3	6				

The conduct of the Aldermen at Guildhall, in this affair, deserves some reprobation. Whoever has a knowledge of the London Aldermen as a body, knows they are very ignorant men, and some of them as stupid as any clowns in the country. In this light, they have been singularly exhibited, by coming in contact with these brave and intelligent fellows, who, as Materialists, have volunteered to bear the persecutions of the spiritualists. Scholey, Ansley, and Heygate, I have more particularly marked. Champion put Litchfield, one of the Treasury Lawyers, to confusion, on his first appearance; since which, a Mr. Raven has been employed, to attend to state the charges. On his second appearance, Champion battled Scholey, the Alderman, on the illegality of his second arrest, until he made the dolt say—"it is of no use to argue with you—you must find bail." The question of his second arrest, which is similar to that of Hassel's, is an important law question, whether a case of selling books is tantamount in crime, and as an offence against law, to a case of felony, so that there can be *particeps criminis*, or a joint commission of misdemeanor or crime in the sale of one book to one individual? I cannot conceive the possibility of such a case being good in law. The turtle-headed Aldermen talk about selling prohibited books—books that are by law prohibited to be sold. There is no such a prohibition in England, and no statute, but that is now obsolete, that mentions the title of any book, or any books in classes, as prohibited in sale. Even the practice of the Courts of Law does not recognize any such prohibition; therefore, every act of selling a book, is a distinct act, in which there can be no participation on the part of by-standers. When a Bow Street Blasphemy Swearer comes to 84, Fleet Street, to buy a book, he has no ground to complain of injury done him; for he comes, and pronounces himself an admirer of the books he wants to purchase; he asks to be dealt with as a friend, and nothing but mutual compliments and congratulations pass between the individuals, or the buyer and seller. Here is no ground to complain of injury done, in which the by-standers participated. No man is compelled to buy a book; and even if he has obtained it by gift, or as a thing found, or even as a thing forced upon him, he is not injured, he is not compelled to adopt the sentiments of a book that may be injurious to him. If he does so adopt them, it is evident, that the power of the truth of the contents of the book, and his love of truth, overcame his desire of momentary private advantage. Every man or wo-

man who sells a book, sells it at his or her individual risk, and not as one of a combination to sell. If the books were prohibited, they would be liable to be seized as such; and though one of Castlereagh's Six Acts enacted the power of seizing a book or books of the same title, for which an individual had been prosecuted to final conviction and judgment, in the possession and as the property of that individual, the act has been considered, even by the present ministers, too gross to be acted upon, and Paine's *Age of Reason*, and Palmer's *Principles of Nature* have for eight months been exposed in my shop window for sale, as common as tobacco and snuff, or any thing, in any other shop. Alter the title or make the books the property of another, and there is no law to authorize any seizure.

Well written books are things too powerful for any tyrant to suppress, whose power is any degree short of being absolute and irresponsible. Such books contain a power that is superior to all other power. The power of an individual is a transient power, which the weakest may strike out of his hands, if he has but the resolution; but the man who has armies equal to the conquest of a continent, is powerless before the contents of a widely spread printed book, that fairly investigates his character. It is a moral power that mocks at the perishability and uncertainty of physical power. I find my stimulus to perseverance in the increasing power of well-written books, and my triumph in the certainty that knowledge is increasing, and that my fellow human beings of this country are beginning to be reasonable beings. Nothing but fair discussion can put down any book in this country: though I may suffer in property, and pecuniarily, for the moment, through these prosecutions; I laugh at the folly of mine enemy, and will make him assist me to dig a pit for himself.

It is a mighty thing to boast of, that, before me, every man silently assents to the power of my judgment of the existences about us. No man has ever boasted such a thing before my time; no man has ever before shut so many mouths. Those villains, who are doing me every secret injury in their power, absolutely crawl before me. When they come into my presence, I feel, that my knowledge of things, deficient as I also feel it, is a tower of strength against them, and they never speak to me but they confess it. Dr. England has never shewn me his face, since I addressed him, in the first number of this volume. I have not even heard that he has been seen in the Gaol. If I had convicted and punished

him for felony, his desire to shun me could not have been greater. He promised to lend me the whole series of Lardner's Works; but he has never sent a volume since my comment upon the contents of the second! There is a Doctor in Divinity for you, ye Christians and Anti-Christians!

If we could get one honest and intelligent man on a Jury, we could soon convince him, that there is no law, and nothing but prejudice, baseness, and corrupt influence, whereupon to found these prosecutions. It is called the common law of the land; but, in this and in every other land, religion has been so variable and ill-founded a thing, that it is an impossibility, that any common law can have applied to it. Religion is nothing but ideal error, consequently, there can be no such thing as law, blasphemy, or offence applicable to it. No such Gods have ever had animated existence, as the religionists figure to themselves; consequently, there can be no religion definable by law, or sustainable by law. Forms and ceremonies may be defined and sustained: but to prevent discussion upon the word religion, no law can be made to apply, unless it puts a stop to every species of verbal or literary communication; and who shall enforce such a law? or who make it? We suffer penalties only through the ignorance or dishonesty of the men who form the juries against us. Putting us before a Jury of illiterate men, is just like submitting a mathematical question to beings who know nothing of the use of figures. That will be a grand day, when a Jurymen first pronounces *not guilty of a malicious motive*, in publishing an Anti-Christian publication. A Jurymen, who has such a sentiment and yields it to the prejudices of his fellows, so as to pronounce *Guilty*, must be as great a villain as ever infested the earth. He must be both assassin and robber, liar and calumniator. Such was John Wilson of Queen Street, Merchant, since dead, I understand, who formed one of my first Jury. On the part of the Materialists of this country, I proclaim, that we will proceed in our defiance of prosecutions, until we find a continuation of such Jurymen, or until prosecutions cease to be, or to be respected by Jurymen. We know that we are tried by no law: we know that we obtain justice in no part of the proceedings against us: we know that our arguments are unanswerable, and both Justices and Judges are compelled to exclaim—"we won't hear you!" The men who swear to hear and determine on all occasions, and between all parties, uniformly say to us—"we won't hear you!" Richard Hassell had a written argument prepared to address to the Alder-

man, which would have shewn his turtle-headed worship, that he had no ground whereupon to hold him (Hassell) to bail; but this *scandal to magistracy* silenced him by saying "this is no place to discuss that matter, or such matters; you have sold the book, and must find bail" It was a proper place to discuss such matters; and the man from whom bail is demanded under such a vague charge as blasphemy, has the same right to make a full defence of his act before a justice, who threatens to hold him to bail, as before a jury. The discussion upon the illegality of the first step of the prosecution, is what a justice is in duty bound to hear and determine: and, as every step in such prosecution is illegal, we are in duty bound to combat it fully at the first step: whilst a justice's duty in such a matter is to hear all that is offered.—"You know, the law prohibits the sale of such books," say these London Worships: but their IGNORANCES must be taught, that there is no law to prohibit the sale of any book. If we had but money enough to throw away on the matter, and to contest every point of law with these fellows, we could turn every man of them upon their backs, as often as they act against us; but the price of the remedy is a greater grievance than the evil; and so we are compelled to bear with it from poverty; because, law is a marketable commodity, and justice sold in the high places. No people in this country violate so much law, as they who are appointed to administer the laws to others.

By the time this article goes to the press, I expect to hear that the Manchester and Yorkshire friends are marching up in companies. Before I wrote to any one in Lancashire, I was assured, that there were men enough ready to start, to choke the enemy; and I have given, and hereby give, a general request, that all will march at once, with a promise, that if they can get to London without want, they shall not want food there. I am sure, that there is more depending on the manner in which this battle is fought, than is seen at first sight: and, therefore, I will never stop selling so long as a man, woman, or child, can be found to go and sell a single pamphlet.

(To be continued.)

W. Champion acknowledges the receipt of Half-a-Guinea from "A Friend to the Good Cause."

TO MR. R. CARLILE, DORCHESTER GAOL.

SIR,

London, June 8, 1824.

WILLIAM CAMPION was brought to trial this day, for publishing the *Age of Reason*; and after retiring for upwards of an hour and a half, the Jury brought in a verdict of Guilty. The Judge, Knowles, immediately proceeded to pass sentence;—but such a sentence! so unlike the conduct of an old venerable man endeavouring to reclaim a young man of twenty years of age from his supposed errors! Judge, Sir, of my feelings, when I heard my friend doomed to an imprisonment of *three years in the Gaol of Newgate, and to enter into his own recognizance, to keep the peace for life.*

You would have been delighted with the bold and dignified manner with which Campion defended himself. Not a syllable passed his lips, but what the finest Christian ear might have listened to without having its feelings hurt; not one word did he utter against that Power which some designate God; and he showed clearly, that Thomas Paine has written in a more exalted strain of that Power than any Christian writer that ever existed, has done.

You know nothing of Campion, but by letter; but I, who know him personally, and who am proud to be ranked as one of his friends; and the whole of his acquaintance know well, that he is the last person who would publish any thing of an evil tendency; and they know that he is really and truly a Moralist.

The trial of Thomas Jeffries followed Campion's. He was defended by Mr. French, who made what the Judge termed an excellent defence. He was found Guilty and sentenced to 18 months' imprisonment in the Gaol of Newgate, and to enter into his own recognizance to keep the peace for life. On passing sentence on Jeffries, the judge distinctly stated, that a much heavier punishment had been inflicted on Campion for having avowed his belief, that he had published a moral and a useful book. Christopher was next put to the bar, and on his counsel, Phillips, advising him to plead Guilty, the Court, in its mercy, committed him for six months to Newgate, and ordered him to enter into his own recognizance to keep the peace for life,

Yours respectfully,

HUMPHREY BOYLE.

P. S. When one of the volunteers from the North was told Campion's fate, and asked what he thought of it, he re-

plied, "It is a cruel and vindictive sentence, but rather than the shop should be closed, I would suffer four years' imprisonment."

TO WILLIAM CAMPION, IN NEWGATE.

MY WORTHY FELLOW, Dorchester Gaol, June 9, 1824.
I JUDGE of your worth as the enemy does. This is a paradox;
and so is their mode of defending Christianity.

Your Friend and Fellow,

RICHARD CARLILE.

NORWICH SUBSCRIPTION COLLECTED BY JAMES WATLING FOR MR. R. CARLILE.

Soldius	1	0	S. K., an Enemy to op-		
Chaplain	1	0	pression	1	0
A. Naturalist, third sub-			W. J., do.	1	0
scription	1	0	W. Waterson, an Enemy		
James Watling, third do	5	6	to King and Priestcraft	1	0
An Enemy to, and suf-			C., a Friend	0	6
ferer by, Jesus	1	6	B., a Detester of Ranters		
J. B. Deist, and Repub-			of every description		
lican	0	6	whether Deistical or		
W. Batty	2	6	Religious	0	6
Francis Reynolds	0	6	J. R. a Deist	1	0
Norfolk freeholder, second			Pence collected by J.		
subscription	2	0	Watling	1	3
R. Pittman	0	6	Anonymous	1	0
Norfolk farmer	1	0	R. T. P.	1	0
A Materialist	2	0	Honour and Justice	1	0
J. S., an Enemy to Priest-			Alfred Barnard	5	0
craft	0	6	An Enemy to Persecution	2	6
Z., a Friend	2	6	Pence collected for reading		
Paul Greenwood	0	6	the Republican, by J.		
Collected by do.	1	0	Watling	5	3

Next week's Republican will contain Campion's very excellent defence, and in the following number will appear the spirited one of Richard Hassell. The latter has been sentenced to two years' imprisonment in Newgate and to enter into his own recognizance to keep the peace for life.

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